SOME NEW MEXICO DUELS

PECULIARITIES OF THE OLD-TIME CODE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Illustrated by Some Encounters That Are Still Remembered-The Bullet-Scarred Monument,

SANTA FE. N. M., July 7.—In the centre of the plaza of Santa Fe is one of the first monuments erected in this country to commentements erected in this country to commentement the result of the civil war. It was put there by the partrictic Legislature of a Territory which was pledged statehood by the nation in solemn treaty forty-seven years ago, and is still denied the enabling act. The marble panels of the broad base recite the battles and the valor by which loyal New Mexicans turned back the Confederate movement which was aimed to cleave the Union along the Rocky Mountain line. Above the sentiment, "May the Union Ig Perpetual," a rough, disfiguring gash is seen in the corner of the sandstone shaft. It was made by a rifle built. It serves as a reminder of a duel fought under an unwritten code as clearly defined as were the rules for the meetings in the South before the war, and yet entirely different from them.

The story of Clay Allison's duel with Mace Bowman was recently revived. A generation, or perhaps two or three generations ago, as the sands of life ran rapidly with the desperate men of this resion in the 70's, Allison had great fame in New Mexico as a "killer." Mace Howman was a deputy sheriff. He was thought by his friends to be the quickest man with a pistol in Colfax county.

These two men met in Cimarron one day, and in front of Lambert's har soon arrived at an understanding that before night the man who was the slowest with his "gun' must die. All the afternoon Clay Allison and Mace Bowman watched each other, playing for the advantage of the first shot. The frontier duellist of those days recognized it as an axiom that the first shot was no advantage unless it could be delivered in time to kill before the return fire. And so both Allison and Bowman hesitated to draw first, each knowing the certain death which must be the sequel to the first hostile motion. They dramk together, they joked they laughed gleefully. Each was ready to kill the other. Neither wanted to die, And so heth Allison and Bowma

and his tongue ready. Smith was the small, quiet, gentlemanly gambler, the coakhurst of the mining camp romance, of a few words and without a record as a stot of a 'killer.'

One night in 1876 these two types of gamblers met in a poker game which resulted disastrously for Stinson. The next day both were drinking. They came together in a saloon. Smith made some remark about a bluff before which Stinson had lost his nerve the night previous. The big man said it was a lie. The small man quietly repeated the institution. In five minutes it was settled first, that Santa Fe was not large enough for these two men; second, that neither was ready to leave. The logical conclusion was an agreement to fight. In a businesslike way the preliminaries were arranged. The plaza was to be the field of honor. Each man was to have his choice of weapons and to shoot as long as he pleased. The time was fixed. It was arrased that the duel be fought within twenty minutes from the completion of the terms. Then occurred one of the strangest features of the affair. "Smith," said Stinson, "Til bet you is you won't meet me on the plaza within the twenty minutes."

"Til go you," said Smith.

The money was put in the bands of a stakeholder. The men parted, each going direct to his saloon, with the perfect understanding that they were to meet on the plaza in twenty minutes and try to kill each other. The plaza is the lung of Santa Fe. It is one city block, with the chief business houses fronting upon it. It has lawn and shade and make and stake and segles. At the time of this duel a picket fence surrounded it and the gates which opened into it were swung in place by weights. The life of the ancient city centres about the plaza.

Stinson entered from the west side of the square before the time was up. He had got his six-shooter, his favorite weapon, and had started at once for the appointed place. He walked to the centre of the plaza and stopped, with the menous of his six-shooter, his favorite weapon, and had started at once for the appointed

fired. A chip of sandstone whitzed by Stinson's head, but the bail was deflected.

Stinson from the shelter of the monument, fired away until his pistol was empty. He dared not expose more than a hand and an eye, and not another of his shois took effect. Smith moved up slowly, peering on one side and then the other, trying to get a glimpse of Stinson. The latter walted until he saw he had exhausted his cartridges. Then he lacked down the wak to the west, keeping the monus ent between him and Smith. Hefore Smith discovered that the other was at his mercy, Stinson had reached the western gate. He sprang out and across the street and into the shelter of his saloon just as Smith came around to the west side of the monument. With the streets and stores full of people, not a buillet hurt anybody except Smith. One shot entered the bottom of the sash of a show window, immediately behind which a jeweller sat mending a watch.

Both men were considered to have vin-

section which a jowelier sat mending a watch.

Hoth men were considered to have vindicated their courace. The code of the frontier was satisfied. A recordilation took yeare promptly, and when Van Smith's arm and leg got well the dual on the plaza became a reminiscence, with the gash in the monument for its selection. Stinson was a son of a minister and drifted West. He is now in the California Schlers' Home. Smith was a relicent man. No ene knew his history, and after the plaza incident no oge asked him imperthent questione. He is now in El Faso.

In the early days there took place at Santa Fe one of these deliberate frontier dueis, which possessed extraordinary features. Two bad men met in the metropolis of the Territory. They were "killiers" by profession, and with reputations to sustain. Each had heard of the other. In order to settle before this sommunity the question of their relative merits, they decided to go out and shoot it each of Sattrey. They was a required to complete all of the 2 the continuous spations of their relative merits, they decided to go out and shoot it each of Sattrey. The determination was put off until Sunday.

This event occurred before the days of metallic cartridges. The pitols were loaded with newder and ball, and some time was required to complete all of the arrangements. Sunday morning came. The principals and their friends, with the whole city following, walked out to Fort Marcy, on a high hill overlooking Santa fee. Not the slightest ill feeling was manifested on either side. The duel was imply to test which was the actier man, fine duellists had no accords. They no a high hill overlooking Santa fee the provided that if neither was killest when the pistols were empty the finish would be with the knives.

The populace divided into two great halves, cowding closely on the sides, but twenty of the results when the pistols were empty the finish would be with the knives.

The populace divided into two great halves, cowding closely on the sides, but twenty in the call the feet of t

walked toward each other with pistols presented. One fired instantly and missed. The other tried to fire at the same time. The hammer snapped, but the pistol didn't go off. The man who that fired advanced and fired again. The other stopped and examined his weapon. Everybody saw there was something the matter with it. The hammer wouldn't cock. After two or three attempts to work the mechanism with the thumb and finger, the duellist stopped and, putting the barrel of the pistol between his knees, Jerked at the hammer several times. This was all a matter of a few seconds, but it seemed a long time to the people standing there, for the other man was still walking forward, almins, and firing at the bent figure in front of him. In these days of improved weapons and quick shooting such a scene would be impossible. An antagonist would have been killed or the pistol would have been killed or the

tremor stands him in good stead along the rail of a table.

Page Otero's proficiency at billiards was only second to his efficiency with the piatol. The terms of the bet were explained, and Silnson asked the deputy marshal if he would play. Otero good-naturedly said he would.

"How long do you want to get ready?" asked Stinson.

"Long chough to chalk a cue," replied Otero, and at it they went.

To promote freedom of action Otero took off his belt and pistel and passed them over the har.

It was a three-ball game. Otero got the string, and made a run of thirty-eight. Leaving the table for the other player, the deputy marshal turned to-ward the door and stood looking into the street. The stranger, on some pretext, followed Otero and in an undertone said:

"Tell give you \$250 to let me win this game."

"You're mistaken in your man" replied

tone said:

"Ill give you \$350 to let me win this game."

"You're mistaken in your man," repiled Otero. "I don't play that kind of billards. If you win it will be because you beat me fairly."

Then he went back, picked up the chalk, and, as he rabbed the end of the cue, he looked at the table and saw that the balls had been left in a position requiring a most difficult shot. If it missed the balls would be in a very favorable position for his opponent. While studying what he had better do, Otero felt a thrust in the small of his back. He stanced over his shoulder. There stood Stinson with a cocked six-shooter, the muzzle pushed against the deputy.

"You make that shot or I'll kill you," whispered Stinson hoarsely.

The gambier had been drinking enough to make him suspicious. Had he been sober he would have thought nothing of the conversation at the door, knowing otero as he did. The deputy, thinking the "kun play" was only a joke, reached back his left hand and pushed the pistel to one side. Stinson stopped off two or three feet, and, raising the cocked pistol, brought it down abony until the barrel rested in his left hand directly in rarys of Otero's body. He repeated this menacing movement several times. Then the deputy realized that the gambler was in earnest, and that he was face to face with a crisis, With that threatening look on his face. Stinson walked to the other side of the tebic and stood facing Otero, the pistol still presented and cocked.

The deputy marshal thought quickly, He looked fixedly at the gambler. He levelled the one over the table mechanically. He save the ball a push. He stood up without for a second having removed that steady magnetic look into Stinson's eyes.

"New what are you going to do?" asked Otero.

Stinson's eyes.
"New what are you going to do?" asked

Otro.

Ot

open, it revealed Stinson sitting and half reclining on a monte table. The door had not started to swing back until Otero's right hand had reached his hip and the pistol was flashing in front of him.

"Stop," should Stinson, throwing up hoth hands and improve from the table.

"Stop," should Stinson, throwing up hoth hands and improve from the table.

m. "Stop," shouted Stinson, throwing up th hands, and jumping from the table. "I'm soher now." he continued rapidle. was drunk last night. I've no arms;

And he lowered his hands and drew up his coat above his hips.

The strain was over. A bottle popped at the bar. A cork hit the ceiling. Five minutes later the crowds on the corners were slowly dispersing. Life in Santa Fe had resumed its caim, sunny course.—
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EVER HOPEFUL AUTHORS.

The Flood of Prose and Verse Sent to the

Magazines Magazines

Notwithstanding the fact that has been repeatedly announced that the literary magazines receive perhaps fifty articles for every one published, manuscripts from all over the country and from men, women, and even children in all walks of life continue to pour into the magazine offices. Fiction still has the lead in the offerdings though there is a vast deal of

From early child-hood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had the property of the failed I determined to the property of the terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often the property of the disease mailed from the property of the property of the property of the property of the disease mailed from the property of the prop

New Books Received From Appleton Virginia Medical Monthly-Literary Notes.

MRS. MUSCIRAVE AND HER HUSBAND. By Richard Marsh. D. Apolston & Co. New York, to cents. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

A beautiful and a loving wife, a passionately deveted husband, a traitorous lover, and that traitorous lover's friend, are tnose of the dramatis personals, about which the plot of the story centres. The woman in the care is the daughter of a nurderer, but the man who gives her his name marries her in utter ignorators of the fact. The traitorous lover, whose dishonoring passion is what makes possition. Mr. Marsh's ctory, is the great specialist in mential disease through whose perjury the father of mes to the gallows, he being a gentleman of that adaptable kind who can gracefully shape his opinions to list interests.

Lenox and Stockbridge are the

A tablet in memory of Oliver Holien, the composer of the famous hymn, "Coro-nation," will be erected in the Unitarian church of his birthplace, Shirley, Mass.

editor.
"Because it took just that much to down him," replied the foreman.
"What! when he's been 'half-shot' ever since the war?" ON THE LAKE SHORE.

ON THE LAKE SHORE.

She plunged into the lake's bright tide (She was a swimmer brave). It was a trick. She thought with pride, "My lover'll jump and save?" He calmiy puffed his cigarette And mused—the heartiless clown! "I know that water's very wet; I wonder if she'll drown?" IN SWAMPIOWN. "Mercy on us!" cried the investor. "Do you have earthquakes here!"
"Be easy," replied the land boomer, "We ran out o' quining yesterday, an' that's only the town marshal havin' a chill."

J. B. Lippincott Co., will publish Julien Gordon's new book, "A Wedding, and Other Stories."

Other Stories."

The Lenox Library was closed on July 27th, for its annual cleaning, to last for three weeks; the Astor will close on August 19th, and reopen September 18th. With a view to the prospective consolidation of the libraries, no extensive alterations or repairs will be made. The trustees of the New York Public Library will meet on October 21, for the completion of the consolidation.

Frank L. Stanton's Poems.

THIS COUNTRY. This country's doin mighty well,
An' goin' at her best,
With watermelons in the South
An' punkins in the West.

(Keep the wagon movin'— Hill will soon be passed; Long time till daylight, But day is brenkin' fast!)

(Keeps the wagon movin'-

This country's doin' mighty well, In spite o' all they say; The South is hitchin' hosses, The West is stackin' hay.

This country's doin' mighty well— We're settlin' all the lands; The South is smilin' happy. The West is shakin' hands.

A SUGGESTION.

Why doesn't Hoslery Ballow, Of the poetic half, Train all his guns on Wall street And the bulls that battle there?

FOOR GIRL.

A QUESTION, Will Love a-riding seem the same When horseless buggles come And we change Pete's—the coachman's—

UNELESS EXTRAVAGANCE. "Why did you waste a whole load of ucknot on the major," asked the rural

To plain "Petroleum"?

(Keep the wagon movin'— Sky will clear at last; Long time till daylight, But day is breakin' fast)

Love makes the path of duty sweet With roses of the May; But Love wants roses 'neath his feet, And will not stack the hay.

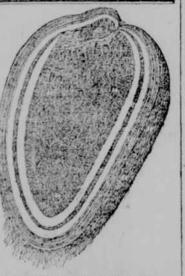
KEEP HER MOVING.

LET HER HEEP UP THE RECORD. The woman that we call "the new" May have a heart of gold; Erough, if she will only be As sweet as was "the old."

"I see that John's speakin' on the finan-

"What's the old man doin'?"
"Furnishin' the firances."

That's the way they talked o' him-Lazy little rover—
Till one mornin, sad La' dim,
Disk-he got run over!
Bruised an' bleedin'-raised his head,
'Don't tell mother?'-all he said.
Last words on his lips-'Don't tell
Mother!' As they listened,
Felt the hearts within 'em swell,
While the tearlrops glistened,
'Don't tell mother!'-ragsed-rough;
But them last words said enough'
--Frank L. Stanton.



WHEAT KERNEL SPLIT IN HALF. with at relieved split in Half.

Nothing but the cream of the wheat berry is used, and that is the reason the official chemist found it nearly THREE HINDRED FER CENT, richer than the nnest four on earth. It is white, soft, brilliant appearance. "A luxury to a yeak, dyappethe stomach," writes Rev. Dr. Lewis, of Grenada, Miss, Rev. Dr. Crenshaw, of Rectoriown, Va., threw away his "box of cathartic pills" in a few days. All the best grocers have it.

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Every quality of CARPET can be found here-from the finest Royal Wilton Velvet to the cheapest Cotton and Hemp,

BODY BRUSSELS, VELVETS, and TAPESTRY CARPETS -such a stock has never before been shown in Richmond.

Our Two- and Three-Ply Ingrains are without a doubt the handsomest made. We have the largest stock of these goods and can give you the very best goods at the very lowest prices. Come and select your Fall Carpet and we will lay it for you when you are ready.

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new designs and cheaper than ever. OVER FIFTY new and attractive styles in

Parlor Suits

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6 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar for 25c. | Electric Paste Stove Polish, 4c. Large 4-String Brooms, 15c. 4 lbs nice Cream Cheese for 25c. Boneless Breast Bacon, 10c per lb. Best Full Cream Cheese 2 lbs for 25c. Pure Old Virginia Clder Vinegar, 20c gallon. Vanilla and Golden Syrup, 30c gallon. Good Green Rio Coffee, 18c. per lb. Graham Wafers, 10c. pound, Condensed Milk, 7c can,

Home-Made Jelly, 3c per 1b. Large Lemons, 15c doz. Early June Peas, 3 cans for 25c. 3 cakes Butter Milk Soap 8c. Pure Old Holland Gin, \$2 per gallon. New Irish Potatoes, 15c peck. Breast Pork, 75c per lb. Shreded Cecanut, 5c. Large Scrub Brush, 5c. Washing Powders Sc per package. 4 lbs Nice Cream Cheese for 25c.

Rockwood Cocoa, 9e can. Chipped Beef, 15c. lb. Mocha and Java Coffee, 20c lb. It's a fine drink. Try it.
Sour Pickles, 20c per gallon.
Pure Leaf Lard, 7c lb.
West of England Sauce, 10c bottle. Best Oats, 35c per bushel. Oil Sardines. 4c. per box or 7 for 25c. 8 Large Bars Soap for 25c. Fresh Mixed Cakes, 7c per lb. 5 Havana Cheroots for 5c.

Wood Wash-Boards, Sc. Imported Claret Wine, 25c bottle. Best New Crop New Orleans Molasses 40c per gallon. Painted Cedar Buckets, 10c. Painted Cedar Buckets, 19c.
Fresh Country Eggs, 12c. dozen,
Breakfast Bacon 10c per tb.
Pure Lard, 6c per 1b.
Best Ginger Snaps, 4c. per 1b.

4 lbs. Milk Lunch Crackers, 25c Good Soda Crackers, 4c. Brass 3-Hoop Cedar Bucket, 18c. Salt Pork, 65c, lb. Mixed Spices, 20c lb. Sea Salt, for bathing, 25c, lb. Freezing Salt for Ice Cream, 10c. peck. Corn Starch, 4c package. Fresh Rolled Oats 4c per lb. Large Bottle Essence Lemon and Vanilla, 5c. Nice Fresh Table Butter, 2 lbs. for 25c | per plug. Canned Lobsters, 18c per can.

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Powder, 5c, best you ever used.
Fine Gunpowder Tea, 40c per ib. Listis regular 60c Tea.
Imported Macaroni, Sc per lb.
Good Mixed Tea, 25c per lb. Pork Shoulders, 6c, per pound. Large California Prunes, 3 lbs, for 25c.

3 lbs. Fruit Crackers for 25c. California Hams, Se per lb. Ship Stuff and Brown Stuff, 90c per hundred. Pound box Best Baking Powder, 100.

Potted Tongue or Ham, 5c can.
Best City Meal, 60c, per bushel,
Old Rye Whisky, 4 years old, \$2 gal.
Sweet Catawba Wine, 60c per gal
Good Rye Whiskey, \$1.25 per gal
Snow Flake Patent Family Flour, \$4.00 per bhl, or 25c per sack Silver King, Minnesola, Patent Family, the best sold, \$4.25 per barrel, or 27c per suck. XXX Fancy Pamily Flour, 83.50 a bar-

rel, or 23c, a sack.

Best North Carolina Cut Herrings; 7c or \$2.50 per me half bbl 3 Cakes Bu Tollet Soap for Sc. I lb. Canes Boneless II per bbl. Gross Her: 4 lb Jar Po Whole Go ma Rice, 5c per lb.

French M ef, 20c. 2 lb Can (2-hoop B 15c gallon. New D Home-M . Candy. 7c per lb.

Nice French andy, 7c per lb. Roasted Peanuts, 4c qt. Large Box Lye 5c. Large package Stove Polish, Sc. Sweet Mixed Pickles, 15c. qt. Mason's Blacking, 2c Box. Rough and Ready Chewing Tobacco, 3c

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